

DRAWN BY ALEXANDER COLES.

FIFTH AVENUE ON SUNDAY MORNING.

LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM FORTY SEVENTH STREET.

State Historical Society
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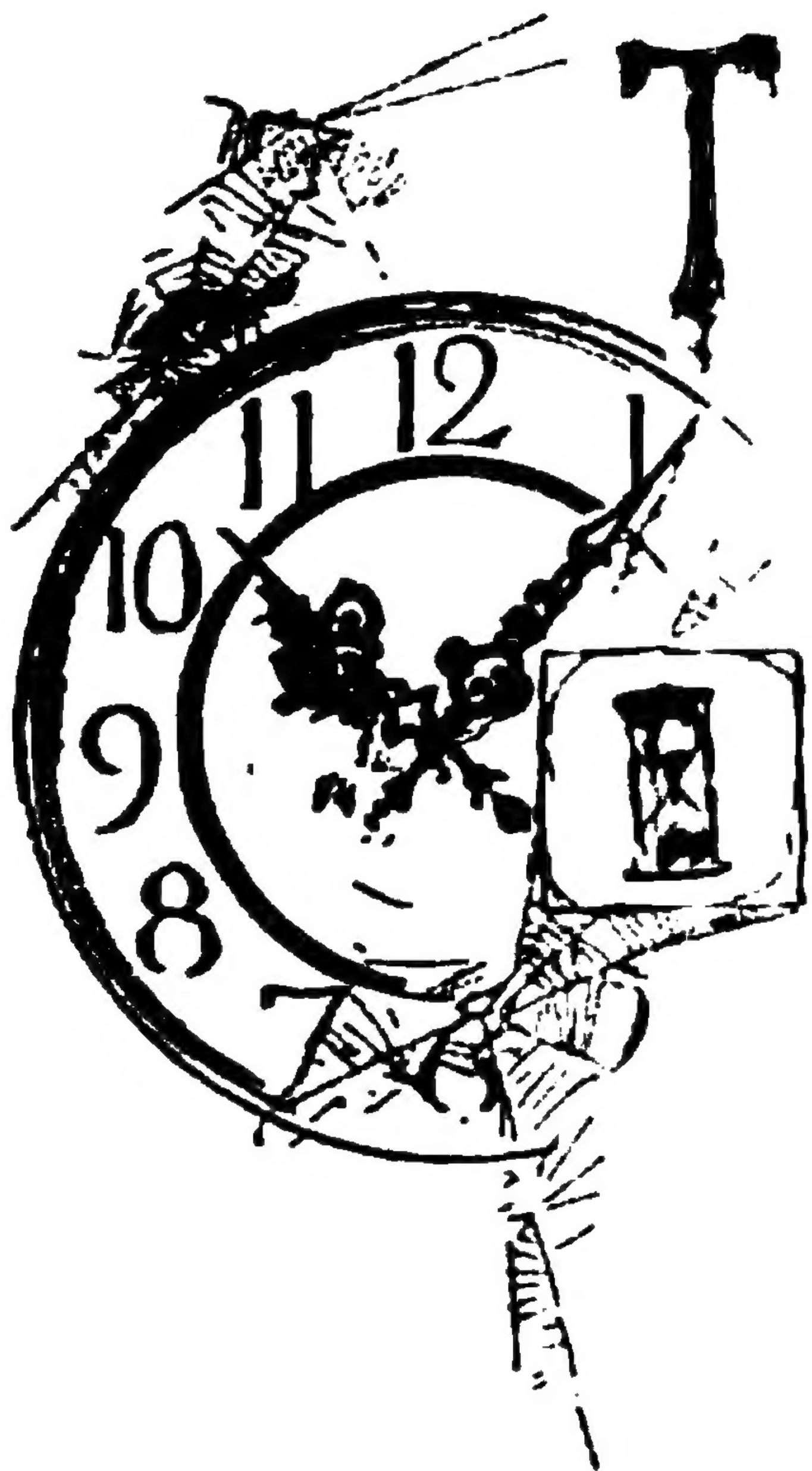
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PICTURESQUE POINTS ON FIFTH AVENUE.

By Richard H. Titherington.



butter to betoken the stately thoroughfare famous as the chosen headquarters of American wealth and fashion.

New York is a rapidly growing and rapidly changing city. She outgrows her old customs and ideas, her institutions and modes of government, her architectural achievements and her standards of artistic taste. She establishes boundaries only to overleap them. Only three generations ago she was a town of but seventy five thousand people, clustered at the southern extremity of Manhattan Island. The City Hall, then newly built, was at the northern limit of the

HE social configuration of the metropolis has been compared, by a homely but effective simile, to the cross section of a sandwich, with a thick slice of dry bread on either side to represent the populous east and west sides, and a narrow central line of

community, whose future imperial destiny was so little realized that the back of the municipal building was constructed of a cheaper material, on the ground that few would ever see it from that side. The center of fashionable residence was at that day the Bowling Green, and the business district lay within a short radius of the Battery. As the city's commerce grew, and stores, workshops and offices multiplied, the wealthy families were forced to move their dwellings further and further northward. East Broadway was one resting place in their march. Another was the neighborhood of Bond and Bleecker Streets, in which



EX-MAYOR COOPER'S RESIDENCE, AT FIFTH AVENUE AND WASHINGTON SQUARE.

latter the evidences of former dignity still survive amid the squalor of the present. Driven from these resting places by the resistless advance of trade, they found in Washington Square a stronghold that has still not wholly capitulated. Hence, as the upper stratum of metropolitan society increased in numbers, it advanced countryward along Fifth Avenue, until that street, from Washington Square to Central Park, was lined by an almost continuous double row of stately homes, varied by little but fine churches, handsome club houses, and palatial hotels.

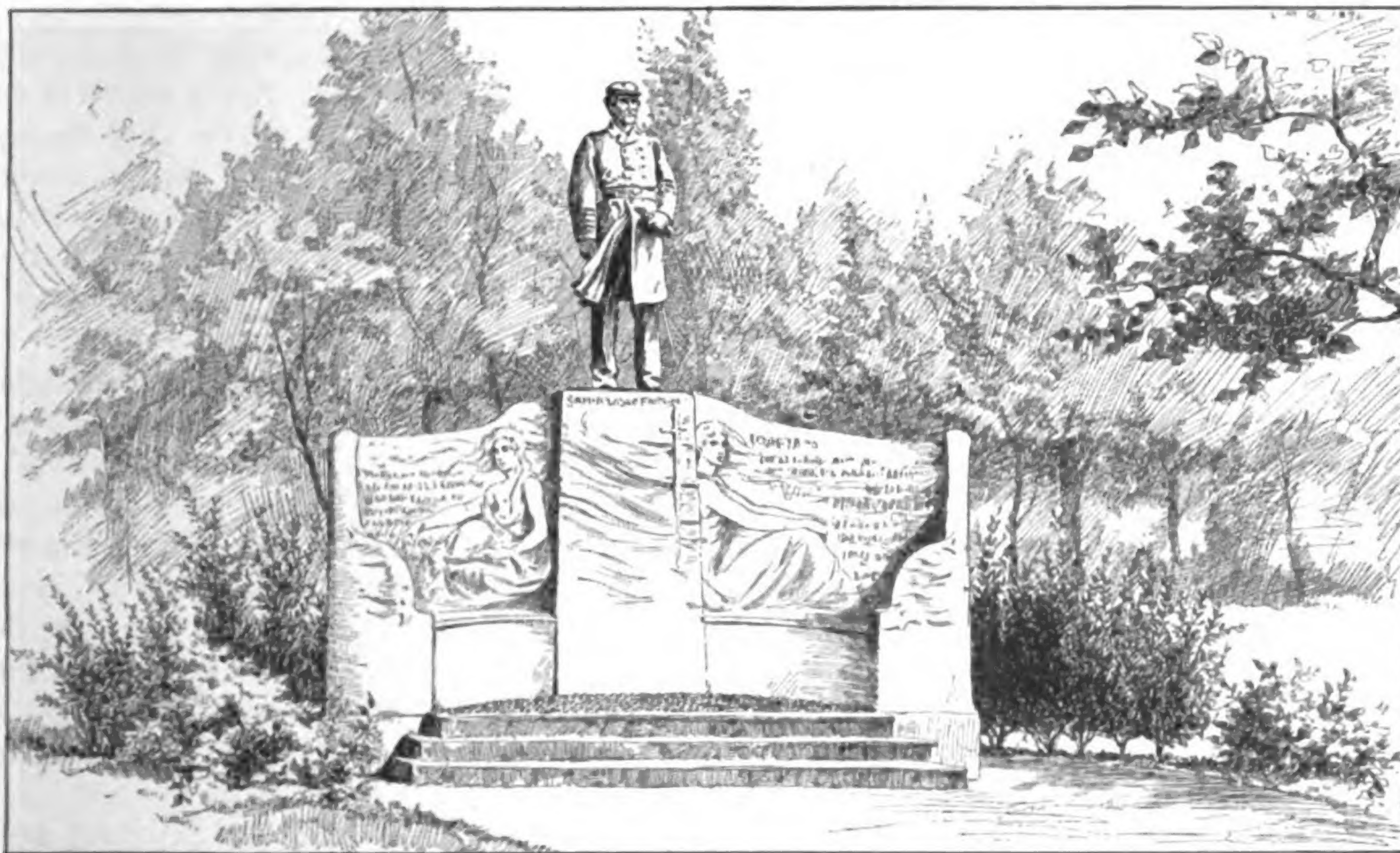
But New York's development is a perennial state of transition, and already a great change has come over much of her finest street. The trades that cater to the needs or tastes of the wealthy have forced their way into the very closest proximity to their patrons. Business has obtained more than a foothold upon Fifth Avenue. It has taken possession of entire blocks. Upon mansion after mansion has been displayed the sign "To Let for Busi-

ness Purposes," and the desecration continues. Dealers in bric-a-brac, pictures, silverware, and the like, are flocking to the street. Publishing houses, both great and small, are among its tenants. Piano salesrooms are hardly to be found elsewhere. Show cases are to be seen upon its sidewalks, which here and there are piled with the wares of the furniture seller, and even with the still more commonplace goods of the retail grocer.

But while such is the condition of a part of Fifth Avenue, still more considerable portions of it have retained their former character, and contain the most costly and splendid residences in the country, some of which are of quite recent erection. It is still the headquarters of the wealth and fashion of New York, and consequently of America. It is still the avenue on which dwell the leaders of the social and financial world, and to which, above all others, come those who have gained great fortunes elsewhere. Upon the list of its residents are the names of Vanderbilt,



FIFTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM TWENTY THIRD STREET.



THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT, MADISON SQUARE.

Astor, Belmont, Rhineland, Cooper, Goelet, Mills, Whitney, Marshall Roberts, Morgan, Rockefeller, Flagler, Huntington, Gould, Sage and others hardly less notable as the representatives of famous Knickerbocker families or the accumulators of newer millions. In St. Patrick's Cathedral it has the noblest church in America, besides such other fine houses of worship as St. Thomas's, the First Presbyterian, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, the Collegiate Dutch Reformed, the Temple Emanu-El, and the new synagogue at Seventy Sixth Street. It has the finest hotels in the city, and club houses—notably the Manhattan, the Union League, the New York, the Union, and the new building of the Progress Club—which have no superiors anywhere.

The business invasion of Fifth Avenue has spread from the points where it crosses streets recognized as trade thoroughfares. The first of these is at its meeting with Fourteenth Street, long known as a center of retail traffic. The next stretches for some distance on both sides of the junction of Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and Twenty Third Street. Forty Second Street seems destined

to be the next of the wide cross streets to become a business highway, and there are already the beginnings of a mercantile colony apparent at its intersection with Fifth Avenue.

Cut off from the residential district to the northward by the river of traffic that flows along Fourteenth Street, the lower end of Fifth Avenue forms a picturesque oasis, where the aristocratic air of old Knickerbocker stateliness lingers amid a commonplace environment. The six blocks between Washington Square and Thirteenth Street are a unique corner of New York. Their architecture is that of a generation that has now passed away. It represents the days before that brown stone front era which gave us the monotonous rows of somber respectability that line street after street of a wide district further up town. It may be seen in its best and most characteristic phase at the corners of Washington Square. Here ex-Mayor Cooper's residence, on the east side of the avenue, and the Rhineland house opposite, are excellent specimens of a style of which few examples survive. Roomy and well proportioned structures of red brick,



THE MANHATTAN CLUB HOUSE.

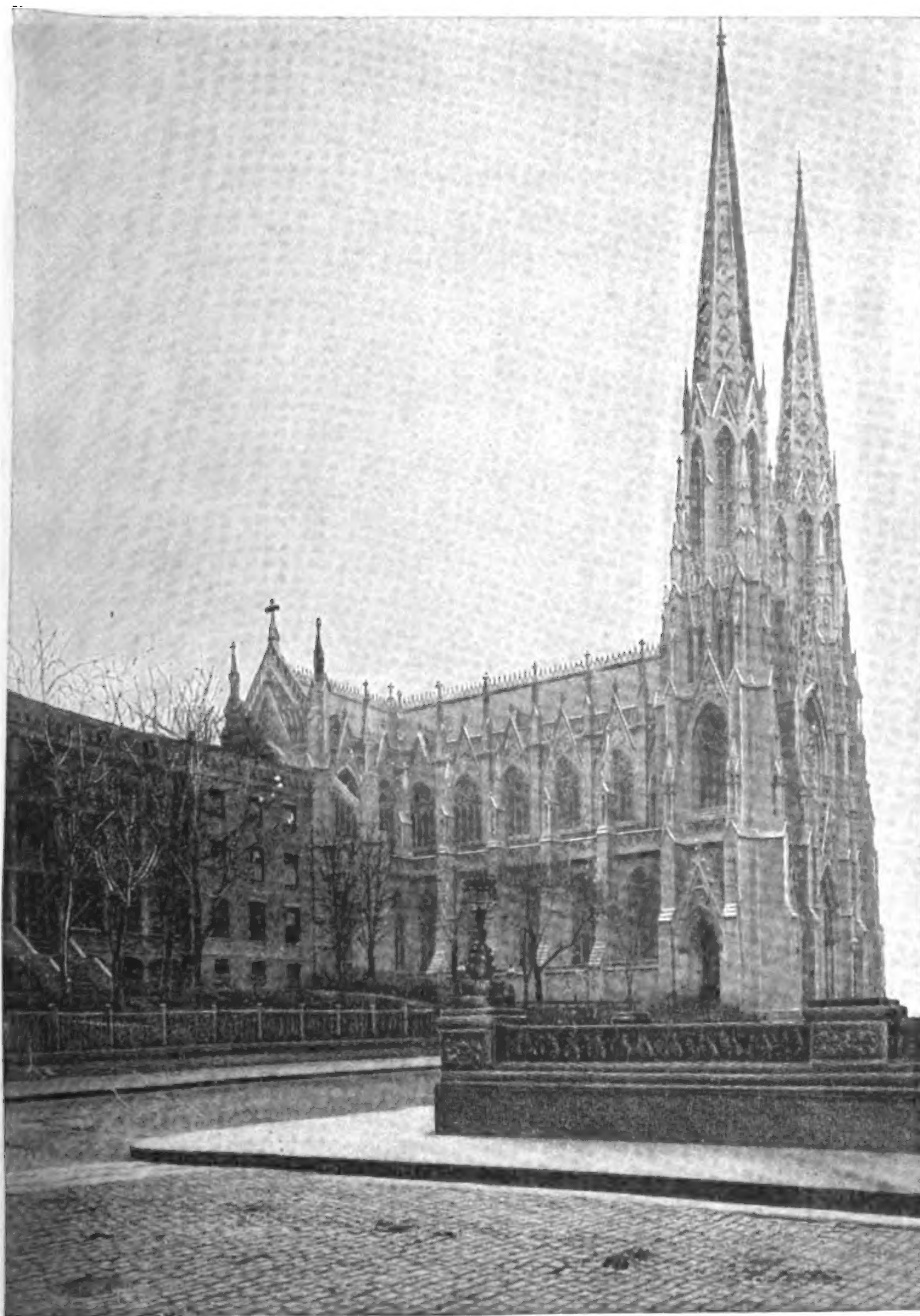
they have a simple dignity that is far more impressive and pleasing than the showiness of many more ambitious and elaborate products of the modern builder. The trees that line the street, and the greenery of Washington Square, help to make this one of the most picturesque points of Fifth Avenue, and its attractiveness will be greatly enhanced by the ap-

proaching completion of the Washington memorial arch. After more than a year's work this really magnificent work needs only its final courses of masonry to stand forth a monument not unworthy of comparison with the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, the Arco della Pace at Milan, or any of the old world's famous structures of the kind. By the way, some nine thousand dollars still remain to be collected to complete the fund. Won't some public spirited millionaire take the hint?

Leaving Washington Square, and starting northward, the observer will note other fine though less thoroughly typical specimens of the architecture of fifty years ago. Most of these are on the west side of the avenue, as at the corner of Eighth Street, and again between Ninth and Tenth. Above this rise the square towers of two Gothic churches—the



FIFTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM TWENTY SIXTH STREET.

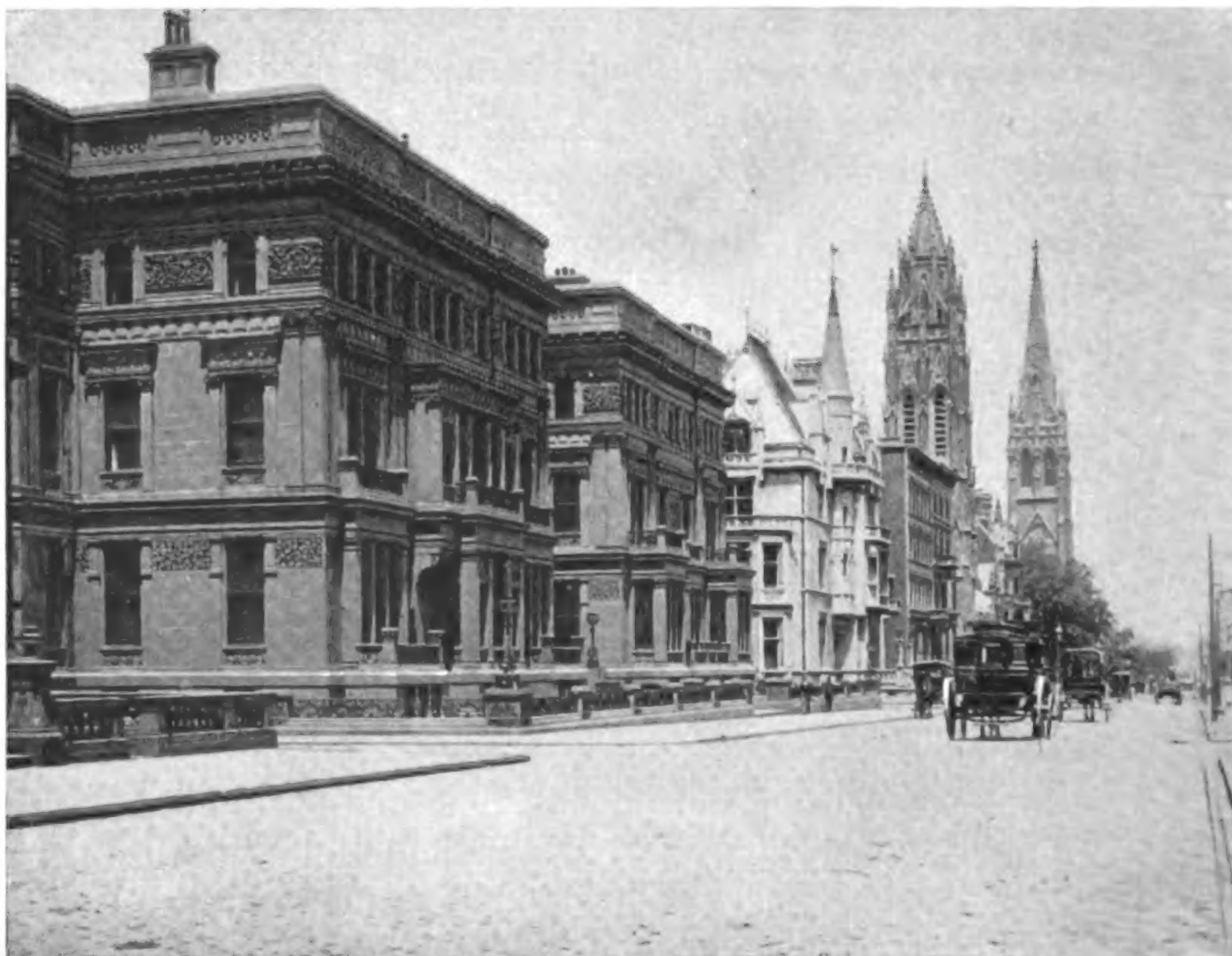


ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, FIFTH AVENUE, FIFTIETH AND FIFTY FIRST STREETS.

Episcopal Church of the Ascension and the First Presbyterian Church. Both of these are fine edifices, the latter, which stands in a wide plot of grass, being the larger and handsomer of the two.

On the other side of the avenue, above the white painted Brevoort House, may be noted the curious house at the southeast corner of Ninth Street, built in an ecclesiastical

style, with arched and mullioned windows. At the next cross street is the first appearance of the modern apartment house. Above Twelfth Street is the headquarters of the Presbyterian Board of Missions and Church Erection, established in a semi-ecclesiastical brown stone building of the same Gothic style as that of the old University on Washington Square.



THE VANDERBILT HOUSES, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY FIRST STREET.

Here the classic quiet of lower Fifth Avenue ends abruptly, shattered by the jangling bells of the street cars and the bustling crowds of shoppers that pour along Fourteenth Street, eddies of whose trade, it may be said, have overflowed into the avenue until from Thirteenth to Seventeenth hardly a single house has escaped the intrusion of commerce. The culmination of unsightly utilitarianism is reached in the huge, ungainly business building on the northwest corner of Sixteenth Street. Beyond this there is another short interval of handsome residences—a sort of island cut off by the advancing tide of trade that has flowed in at Twenty Third Street above and at Fourteenth Street below. On the northeast corner of Eighteenth, directly opposite Chickering Hall, is the old Belmont house—a square, solid, and stately mansion of red brick, with a long, low extension in the rear occupied by a notable gallery of pictures. On the other side of Eighteenth Street is the residence of Mrs. Marshall

Roberts, a brown stone structure decorated in a rather rococo style. Two doors below is a house—recently destroyed by fire—which was occupied by a younger branch of the Belmont family.

As we approach Twenty Third Street, we near one of the most important centers of metropolitan traffic, and again private residences disappear for a time. At the southwest corner of Twentieth Street are the imposing offices of the Methodist Book Concern, and on the corresponding angle of Twenty First the iron skeleton of another great business structure is rising. Opposite this last is the building of the Union Club, a very favorable specimen of the brown stone architectural era to which we have alluded somewhat disparagingly. The club house, whose three lofty stories tower above its four story and basement neighbor, is a worthy home for the oldest of New York's great clubs. The rapid northward advance of the city, however, has left it below the club center, and its accommodations and

location are too old fashioned to suit its members, who are contemplating an up town migration. On the other side of the avenue stands another club house—the less pretentious edifice of the Lotos, once a semi-Bohemian coterie of artists and litterateurs, but now, like other once distinctive organizations, assimilated to the monotonous level of unexceptionable respectability.

The next block brings Madison Square into view. The scene at this, the very focus of metropolitan life, is full of movement and variety. Looking northward over the open space where New York's greatest thoroughfares cross, on the left is the familiar white front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with the Albemarle and the Hoffman House beyond. In front are the vistas of Upper Broadway and the Murray Hill ascent of Fifth Avenue. Between them stands the shaft of the Worth monument, the review point of many a political parade. On the right, above the trees and fountain of the little park, rise the spire of Dr. Parkhurst's Presbyterian Church and the lofty tower of the fine new Madison Square Garden, surmounted by a huge Diana as a weather vane. Crossing the tracks of three street car lines and the temporary chaos of Broadway cable construction, we reach the southeast corner of the park, and are confronted by the bronze effigy of William H. Seward, an inartistic and awkwardly posed statue of the great New Yorker. The Farragut memorial, at the upper end of the square, is of a very different character. Its proportions are not large, but it ranks as the most artistic monument in New York, and one of the best works of its designer, Augustus St. Gaudens.



MR. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE.

Across the avenue, at the southwest corner of Twenty Sixth Street, is the famous Delmonico restaurant. On the next few blocks retail stores predominate, and large hotels are multiplying. Besides the Brunswick, which extends from Madison Square to Twenty Seventh Street, and the tall Victoria opposite, the white, ten story Holland House has just been built on the southwest corner of Thirtieth, and the new Waldorf is rising on the Astor property at Thirty Third. On the upper corner of this same block—between Thirty Third and Thirty Fourth Streets, on the west side—is the square, red brick house of Mr. William B. Astor, a decidedly unpretentious residence for a man whose name is synonymous with millions. On the other side of Thirty Fourth Street stands the splendid Italian marble palace built by the late A. T. Stewart, and occupied by the Manhattan Club since the death of his widow.

We are now ascending Murray Hill, and leaving behind the encroachments of trade. The invader



THE CENTRAL PARK ENTRANCE, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.

will hereafter be found at very few points ; around Forty Second Street, for instance, and upon two intervals—below Thirty Seventh and again below Forty Fourth—occupied only by temporary one story structures. The roofless and fire blackened walls of what was once Christ Church (Episcopal), on the southeast corner of Thirty Fifth Street, are a curious contrast to their surroundings. Opposite is the handsome new house of the New York Club, built of red brick with brown stone trimmings—a favorite style of architecture in this particular district. A still finer club house, also of red brick and brown stone, is that of the Union League Club at the northeast corner of Thirty Ninth. At the other end of the same block is the oldest of the Vanderbilt houses, a massive brown stone structure that strongly recalls the Union Club building. It is now the home of Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt.

The least picturesque object in the entire length of Fifth Avenue is undoubtedly the huge Croton reservoir that flanks its west side between Fortieth and Forty Second Streets. When this shapeless monster is swept

away, and the ground that it now cumbered added to Bryant Park, the transformation will be a wonderful one. It is to be hoped that the force of public opinion will bring about its abolition before very long.

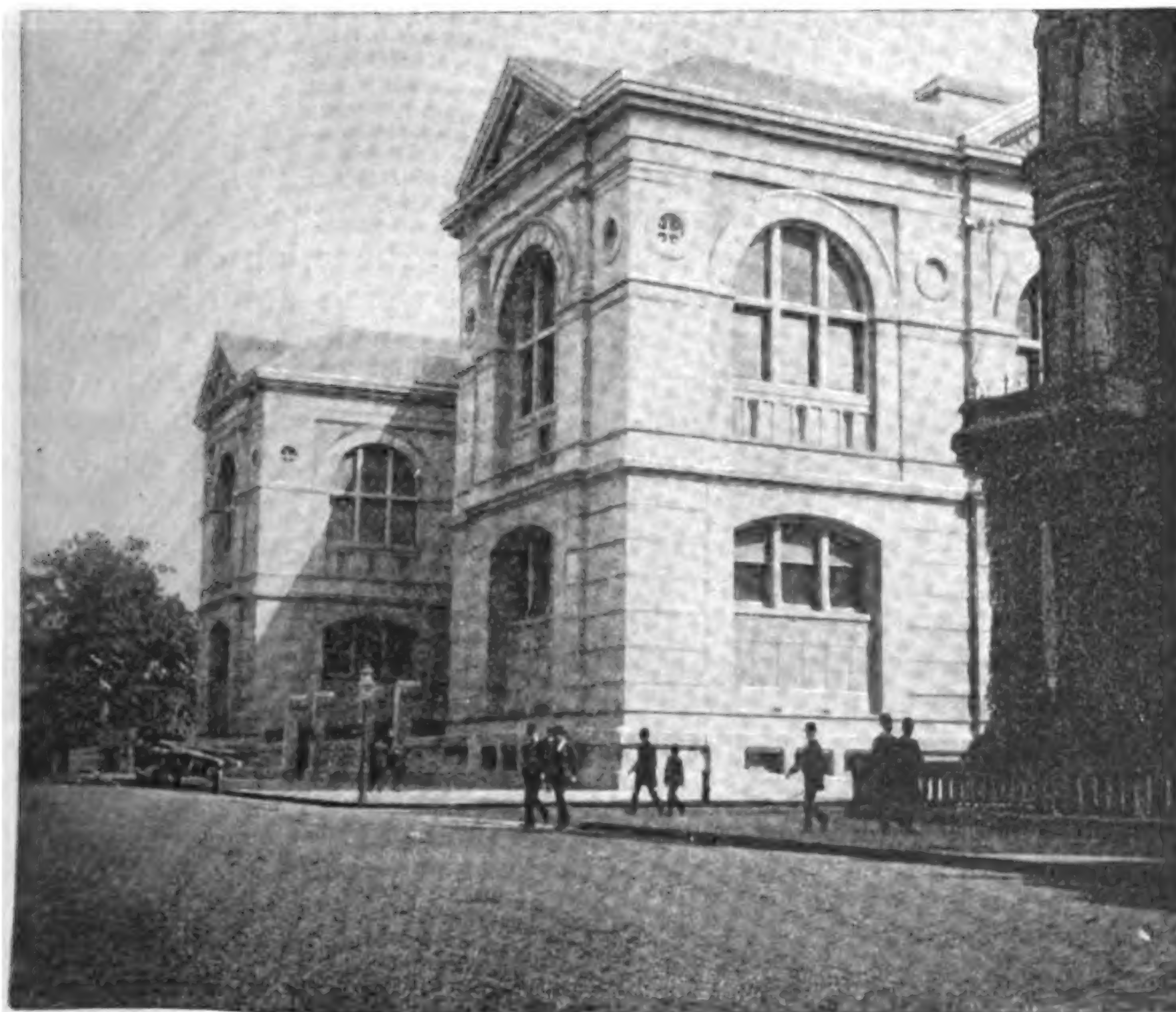
The tall, white stone Hotel Bristol marks the corner of Forty Second Street. In the adjoining row of houses is Mr. Russell Sage's comparatively modest dwelling. At the northeast corner of Forty Third Street is the Temple Emanu-El, one of the most richly decorated and costly religious buildings in the city. It is a fine specimen of Moorish architecture, the material being brown and yellow sandstone. Two blocks above, on the west side of the avenue, is the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity, with its two unmatched towers. Opposite this is the curiously ornamented Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest. The next block is occupied by the Windsor Hotel, above which we enter upon the finest half mile of Fifth Avenue, and the portion of it that is especially noted as the abode of multimillionaires. Mr. Jay Gould's town house is on the northeast corner of Forty Seventh Street. At

the other end of the block is that of Mr. Robert Goelet. A very pretty residence at the southwest corner of Forty Ninth is Mr. Ogden Goelet's. Mr. D. O. Mills lives in a double brown stone house between Fiftieth and Fifty First, opposite the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

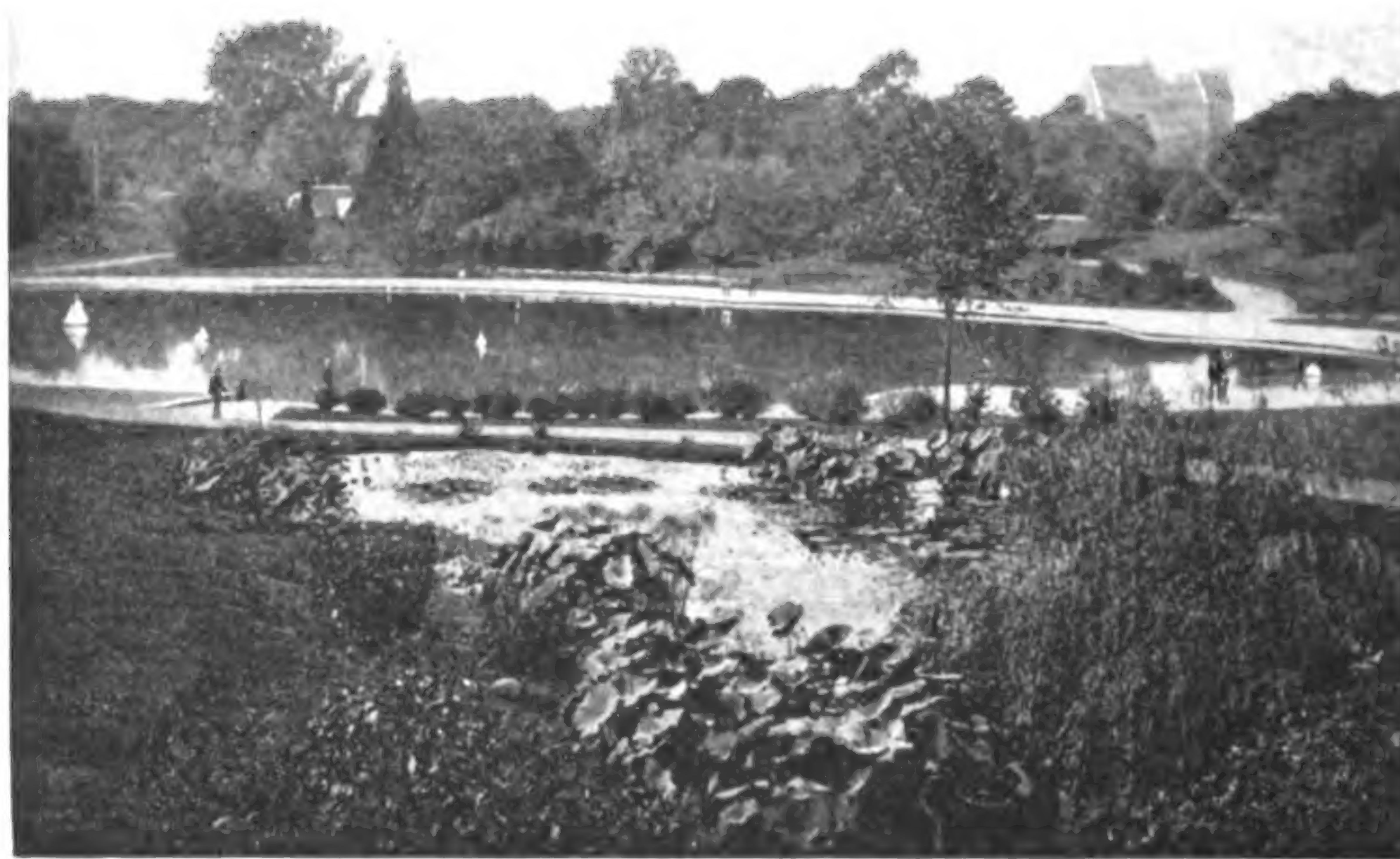
Finest of all are the Vanderbilt palaces. Two of these fill the block between Fifty First and Fifty Second Streets, on the west side—the lower tenanted by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, the upper—a double house—by her daughters Mrs. Shepard and Mrs. Sloane. Across Fifty Second Street is the richly decorated white stone house of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt. Between St. Thomas's Church and Fifty Fourth Street are the residences of the other two sisters—Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Twombly, while Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's, a red brick and white stone edifice, is at the northwest corner of Fifty Seventh Street. It faces, across the side street, Mr. William C. Whitney's red brick and brown stone house. At the southeast corner Mr. C. P. Huntington's

castellated mansion of white stone has just been built upon a part of the block which Mr. Robert Bonner so long held unimproved. Three blocks below, the houses of two Standard Oil magnates, Mr. William Rockefeller and Mr. H. M. Flagler, confront each other at the corners of Fifty Fourth Street.

There are some noble churches, too, on this part of Fifth Avenue. The first is the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church at the northwest corner of Forty Eighth Street, belonging to the same society as that which owns the Marble Collegiate Church at Twenty Ninth Street. Then there is St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, at Fifty Third Street, and the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, famous as Dr. John Hall's church, at Fifty Fifth. All three of these are handsome Gothic buildings, and their spires add to the vista of the avenue a feature second only to the splendid front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. This finest of American churches occupies the full space between Fiftieth and Fifty First Streets, on



THE LENOX LIBRARY, FIFTH AVENUE, SEVENTIETH AND SEVENTY FIRST STREETS.



PARK VIEW, FROM FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY FIFTH STREET.

the east side. It has been the work of thirty years to carry the plans of the designer, James Renwick, to completion, the two spires, each three hundred and thirty feet in height, having been the last portions of the structure to be finished. The only material used above the base courses is white marble, which in the older parts of the building has unfortunately become somewhat gray. The style is the decorated Gothic of which Cologne Cathedral, York Minster, and Westminster Abbey are well known European examples.

The Cathedral stands at the summit of a slight hill, and at a point that is perhaps the finest spot on Fifth Avenue. Here culminates the stream of vehicles that flows every clear afternoon toward Central Park. Here centers the Sunday morning procession that throngs the sidewalks with the congregations issuing from the neighboring houses of worship. Standing in front of St. Patrick's, the observer views on one hand the world of fashion passing before him on parade; on the other, through the wide portals of the Cathedral, he sees the dim religious

light stealing through the stained glasses of the clerestory windows.

On the block above the Cathedral is the Roman Catholic boys' orphan asylum. St. Luke's Hospital, a charitable institution connected with the Episcopal Church, is on the other side of the avenue, between Fifty Fourth and Fifty Fifth Streets, standing back amid trees. At Fifty Eighth Street the avenue expands into the Plaza, an open space on the west of which stands the new Plaza Hotel. Immediately beyond is the entrance to the East Drive of Central Park—the most frequented of all the gates of New York's great pleasure ground.

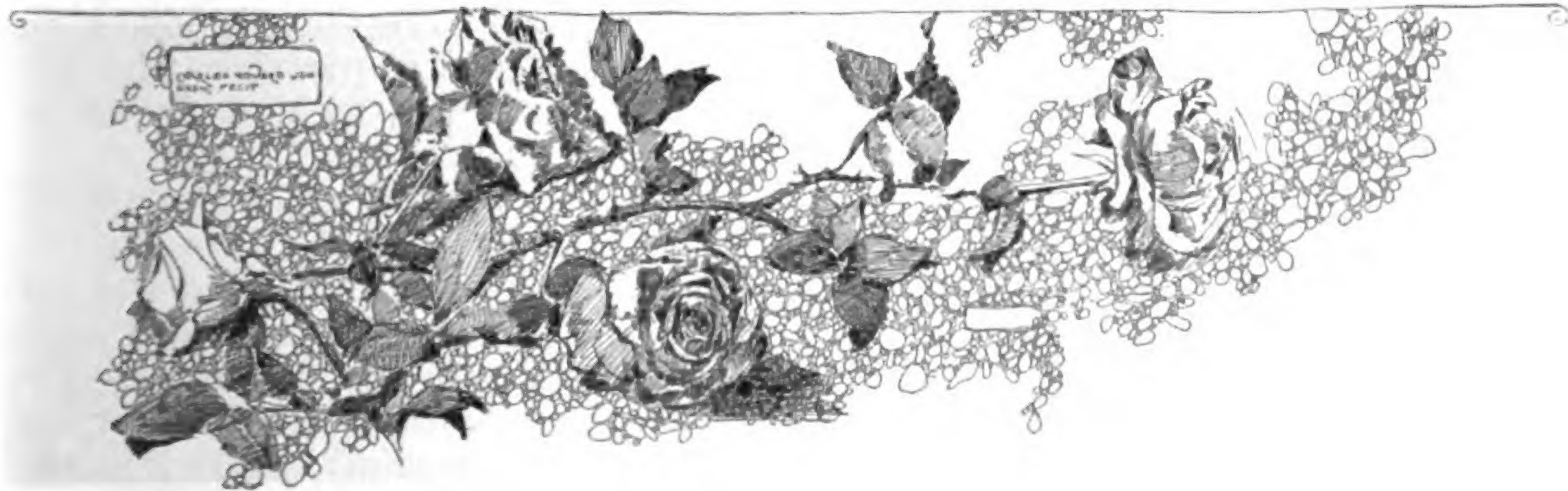
Above this point, Fifth Avenue takes on a different character. It is no longer the highway to the park, and no longer crowded with vehicles and pedestrians. But while it loses in some respects it gains in others. The houses upon its eastern side overlook the delightful landscape of the park. A double row of trees shades its western sidewalk, over which occasionally a bushy tailed squirrel may be seen to scamper. The park view is at its best for some

distance above Seventy Second Street, where the ground descends to a small lily pond near the eastern boundary, and then to the Conservatory Water, rising beyond into wooded slopes, over which peer the lofty tops of the Dakota and San Remo apartment houses, west of the park.

Vacant lots are still numerous on this upper part of Fifth Avenue, but they are rapidly becoming less so. There are many fine buildings, mostly residential in character, and remarkable for the variety—generally a pleasing variety—in their designs. They exemplify the free use made by the architects of today of a wide range of materials and technical styles. Structures worthy of especial note are those of the Progress Club,

the most prominent Hebrew social organization, at Sixty Third Street; the Lenox Library, which stretches from Seventieth to Seventy First; and the newly finished synagogue at Seventy Sixth, a magnificent Romanesque temple whose dome, with its gilded veins, is a towering and conspicuous landmark.

Beyond Eightieth Street, and the park entrance leading to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue takes on for a space the undeveloped character of a semisuburban thoroughfare. At One Hundred and Twentieth Street its continuity is interrupted by the steep slope of Mount Morris Park. Beyond this it passes through the more thickly built up district of Harlem to end prosaically in the mud of the Harlem River.



INGRATITUDE.

I'VE praised thee, love, in all the ways I know—
 I've called thee sweeter than the sweetest song,
 I've said all graces unto thee belong,
 And yet no trace of passion dost thou show;
 Ah me, dear maid, love's ichor doth not flow
 Within thy sluggish veins. While on me throng
 Most ardent fancies, earnest, deep and strong,
 Thou e'er art cold and dost indifferent grow.
 Consid'ring how for months I've bought for thee
 Fans, ice cream, oysters, bon-bons by the ton,
 Quaint bric-a-brac, and strings of shiny pearls,
 'Tis hard to find thee frowning thus on me,
 When with such bait I'm sure I might have won
 The sweet affection of a dozen girls!

Nathan M. Levy.